New Berne Weekly Journal.

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VOL. V. NEW BERNE, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., JANUARY 11, 1883. NO. 40.

Professional Cards.

GEO. M. LINDSAY,
Attorney at Law,
SMITHFIELD, N. C.
Will practice wherever professional services are required.
References—Hon. A. S. Merrimon, Joseph E. Gulley, Raleigh, N. C.; A. Horne, Clayton N. C. oct28wtf

LEONIDAS J. MOORE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office opposite Gaston House,
New Berne, N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Greene, Lenoir, Jones, Onslow, Pamlico and Craven; also in the U. S. District Court.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims. aprlwly

P. MURPHY PEARSALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TRENTON, JONES CO., N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Onslow, Lenoir, Craven, Pamlico and Jones.
Collecting a specialty. sept-dawtf

New Berne Advertisements.

D. W. HURTT,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

ZANG'S old STAND,
MIDDLE STREET,
New Berne, N. C.
Mar. 22, dawly

Ferdinand Ulrich,
—DEALER IN—
GROCERIES & DRY GOODS
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
Ropes, Twines, Paints Oils Canvass, and Oakum.
The place to buy GRAIN SACKS in any quantity and
LORILLARD SNUFF by the bbl.
NETS and SPINES.
Foot of Middle street,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
Mar. 30, 1 y

U. S. MACE,
Druggist.
MARKET STREET, NEW BERNE, N.C.
Also keep on hand full line of
HOPES AND TWINES,
SPIKES, NAILS, CANVASS,
AND ALL KINDS
SHIP CHANDELRY,
PAINTS, OILS and BRUSHES.
April 1-w-6m

HORSES, MULES, PONIES
Wagons, Phaetons, Buggies,
HARNESS, WHIPS, SADDLES,
LOUIS COOK'S CELEBRATED WORK.
GOOD YOUNG STOCK
always on hand, and for sale
LOW FOR CASH.
A. & M. HAHN,
Middle Street,
Opposite Episcopal Church and Odd Fellows Hall. June15w-6m

Small Profits and Quick Sales.
HACKBURN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCERS
Corner Broad and Queen Streets,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
—DEALERS IN—
LORILLARD'S SNUFFS AND TOBACCOS
Mar. 30, 1 y

JOHN DUNN,
MANUFACTURER OF
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Steam refined Confectionery.
CANDIES,
FRESH & CANNED FRUITS,
Crackers and Cakes,
CIGARS,
And all Kinds of Children's TOYS
WAGONS &c. &c.
POLLOCK ST.,
April 3, 1yw New Berne, N. C

WM. LORCH,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
CART HOUSE ACCOMMODATIONS.
Broad St. New Berne, N. C.
dwMar. 1st.

DAIL BROS.,
WHOLESAE GROCERS
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
NEW BERNE, N
April, d w 1 y

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Governor Jarvis makes an excellent stump speech and writes a most admirable message. The foundation for both these lies in the good common sense possessed by him. He is very clear-headed and deals with men and matters in a common sense manner, plain and practical. The JOURNAL has often differed from the Governor in some of his views, but has always been glad to commend his practical administration of the State's affairs. We note and comment from his message.

He calls attention, in opening, to the low valuation of property in North Carolina. We need every year about $525,000 to carry on the State government, and to raise this amout a tax levy of 28 cents on the one hundred dollars' worth of property is made because the property in the State is valued at only $167,000,000—while its real value is something near $300,000,000. If the true valuation were placed on the property, eighteen cents on the one hundred dollars would be sufficient. The great need, on this matter, is *uniformity* of valuation, which is not had under the present system.

The Governor recommends that the Supreme Court be increased to five members, and that the number of Judges of the Superior Court be also increased. A good suggestion, for the Judges are very much overworked; and if he had also advised an increase in their salary, it would not have been amiss. But it also shows what a blunder the Democratic party made when they made the reduction in the number of Judges. Retrenchment and reform were going too fast then.

In discussing the Courts the Governor makes another good suggestion, in recommending a simplifying and shortening of "bills of indictment." So many criminals escape punishment, or put the State to great delay from the mere omission of a technical word in a bill of indictment. And while on that subject the recommendation of the JOURNAL, heretofore made, to allow nine of the twelve jurors to give the verdict, would also be worthy of consideration.

On the subject of "public schools" the message stands squarely on the ground held by philanthropists and modern educators, and demands increased taxation for the schools. The JOURNAL has steadily maintained the same opinion, but we are satisfied public opinion in North Carolina will not sustain this view. It is now becoming popular for communities to have a special tax of their own to run a school, and any heavier general taxation will not be submitted to. In the last two years there have been established in the State eight Graded Schools—a pretty good indication of the tendency of thought in that line.

The Governor becomes a little frightened about the morals of the young men at our University, and on his own account, without any suggestion from the Trustees, recommends the Legislature to endow a chair to be known as the "Chair of Moral Science and Christian Evidences." We quote his language:

> There is a fearful tendency among the advanced thinkers of the present age to ignore, if not to hold in contempt, the claims of the Christian religion. I want to see our State declare in no unmistakable manner that at her University no system of philosophy is to be listened to for one moment that does not teach that God is the Creator of all things, and the Ruler of all things, and as such, entitled to the services of all men, and that the Bible is the great book for the study of mankind. I ask that an annual appropriation of two thousand dollars be made for this purpose, and that the trustees be required to make the selection.

In all of which the Governor is evidently "too previous." From time immemorial "Moral Science and Christian Evidences" have always been taught there—not by a special Professor, but generally by the President. This was done as a part of a young man's literary culture, for no education would be complete without them. But if the Governor is after having Theology taught as a specialty, we think the State will protest. There are Theological Seminaries all over the country, and to them let the young man go who is preparing for the ministry.

We again give an extract on a subject of some considerable importance to this section:

ATLANTIC AND NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

This property was leased for thirty years by the stockholders on the 1st day of July, 1881, to the Midland North Carolina Railway Company, for the sum of forty thousand dollars a year and upon the condition that the Midland Company would build a road from Goldsboro to Salisbury. It was this condition that secured the vote of the State in favor of the lease. The Midland Company built a railroad to Smithfield, a distance of twenty-two miles, on their way from Goldsboro to Salisbury, and there stopped. In consequence of this cessation of the work, the stockholders of the Atlantic Company, after full notice to the Midland Company, on the 10th of November, 1882, declared the lease forfeited and directed the President of the Company to take the necessary steps to repossess the Company of its property. A suit for this purpose has been or will soon be commenced.

If the road could be completed to Salisbury, it would run through the heart of the State, and would give to a productive section ample railroad facilities. It would run along or near the fine water power of Chatham and Randolph and would greatly aid in the developments. Its value to the State, could it be built, would be great, and I ask you to authorize me or some one else to enter into a contract with any person or corporation to give them the State's interest in the stock of the Atlantic road upon the completion of the road to Salisbury. I do not know that such a contract can be made, but it is worth the trial. The State's interest in the Alantic road is not to-day practically worth anything to the State, while an hundred and fifty miles of new road from Goldsboro to Salisbury would be worth a great deal.

It is true that the State has a nominal interest in the stock of the Atlantic road to the amount of $1,276,000. For this she issued her bonds to that amount, begining 1st of January, 1856, to run for thirty years, and pledged her stock in the road for their redemption. Some of these bonds have been taken up by the State at forty cents in the dollar, but there is still outstanding $248,000, with fourteen years accrued interest, which is a lien upon the State's stock. Some of these bonds fall due January 1st, 1886; so that in three years from now, the stock will be sold out and the State's interest in the road lost. If, in the meantime, this stock could be utilized to secure the building of one hundred and fifty miles of new road, it would be good for the State. The bondholder would not be hurt by it, because his interest could not be affected, and the purchaser would not be deceived, for he will have full knowledge of the facts. The State now has an interest in the stock with which she can part, and I advise the passage of an act authorizing it to be done upon the completion of a railroad from Goldsboro to Salisbury, Charlotte or a hundred and fifty miles in any direction.

Just there the JOURNAL makes an issue. Some of our subscribers have at times remonstrated against our strictures on some of the acts of Governor Jarvis. It is generally considered treason to criticise the acts of one's political leaders. But now what say the people of Lenoir and Craven to this recommendation? No one denies that if a corporation gets the State's interest, it will thus have the power to control and virtually annihilate the individual and county stock. Lenoir county stock bids fair in a few years to bring in $1,000 a year to the county; and Craven's stock $2,000 a year—and yet this is to be ruthlessly slaughtered at the recommendation of the Governor.

And why should the State be so terribly anxious to give a bonus to some corporation to build a rival line to the North Carolina railroad in which the State now owns a valuable interest?

And the cheekiest part of the whole affair is that the Governor argues that while "in three years from now, the stock will be sold out and the State's interest lost," yet he expects to find a corporation that will build 150 miles of road for this very State's interest!! Worth nothing to the State, but some corporation will build 150 miles of road for it!

The Governor relies on finding a very gullible corporation or—a very gullible Legislature.

A Great Advocate.

Rufus Choate was noted for his success in criminal cases. It is said that when he practised in Essex county, Mass., during the early part of his professional life, no client of his was ever convicted a criminal charge.

His reputation as a criminal lawyer was exhibited once so grotesquely as to put him in an embarassing position. He was cross-examin a sailor, who, having turned "State's evidence," was testifying against his comrades. They were charged with stealing money, and the sailor had said, in his testimony, that Mr. Choate's client had instigated the theft.

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Choate. "Tell me how and what he spoke to you."

"Oh" answered the sailor, with the coolness of a Jack Tar, "he told us that there was a man in Boston named Choate, who could get us off, even if we were caught with the money in our boots."

The court and spectators shook with laughter at the "fix" into which the lawyer had precipitated himself. But not a muscle of Choate's face showed whether he was amused or annoyed.

His Reason.

It was in one of the battles of the Peninsula campaign that a certain Virginia regiment was drawn up in line of battle. Jake and Jim, two colored boys, had carried their master's dinner to him at the front, and as they started back, shot and shell began to fly very fast.

In an instat Jim dodged behind a tree and Jake behind a rock. A lull in the fire made Jim brave, and coming away from the tree he advised Jake to put his trust in the Lord and come on.

"No sah, not dis child," yelled Jake, a big shell bursting over him at that moment. "No sah; der's too much powder behind dem tings for de Lord to have anyting to do wid 'em!"

Milton in "Paradise Lost" makes Satan the inventor of gunpowder weapons; but probably poor Jake never heard of Milton.

TALMAGE ON LENGTH OF LIFE.

Reasons Why it May be Better to Die Young than to Live to be Old.

(New York Sun.)

If any one dies in youth," said Dr. Talmage yesterday morning. "we say, "What a pity!" If one of be in pleasant circumstances, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant at 82, standing in my house and reading 'Thanatopsis' without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when he wrote that immortal threnody. Cato at 90 was afraid he wouldn't live to learn Greek. Thurlow Weed at 80 found life as great a pleasure as when he snuffed out his first politician. I suppose that Methusaleh at 969 was afraid to go out in a storm and get his feet wet lest he should shorten his days."

Dr. Talmage said that if he were an agnostic he would call a man blest according to the number of years he could stay on terra firma. But, since men believe in immortality, an abbreviated existence on earth is a blessing because it makes one's life more compact. Some men can do their day's work in ten hours, some in five, and some in one; and other things being equal, the man is to be congratulated who can get through his work in one hour. If a person dies at 5 years he gets thorugh his work at 9 in the morning; if he dies at 40 he gets through at noon; if he dies at 70 he gets through at 5 in the afternoon, and if he dies at 99 he has to toil up to 11 o'clock at night.

"All we ought to be anxious about is to get our work done," said Dr. Talmage," and the sooner the better. The number of men who fall into ruin between 50 and 70 years of age is simply appalling. If they had died at 30 it would have been better for themselves and for their families. The great temptation of a man's life sometimes comes far on in middle life. At about 45 years of age a man's nervous system changes. By the advice of some friend he takes a stimulant to keep him up and he goes on taking stimulants until it keeps him down. Concerning a vast multitude, it seems as if it would be better for them to embark from this earth early in life. Why do so many die before they are 30 years old? Because God sees the storm coming up from the Caribbean and runs them into the first harbor. If a soldier who has been on guard all night is glad when some one comes to relieve him, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapons and go into the King's castle?"

Illustrating how men escape perils early in life and fall in with them later, Dr. Talmage said: "The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a mill pond, and I wrote a magazine essay on the calm sea. If I hadn't written it then, before I crossed the ocean again, I never could have written it.

Another reason why it is a blessing to die early, Dr. Talmage said, is because those who die in youth escape so many earthly bereavements. He enumerated some of the sorrows which King David would have also escaped the, crimes of uncleanness and murder. "When God takes little children," the preacher continued. "He usually takes the greatest capacity for suffering if permitted to live."

"Again, to die early in life," Dr. Talmage said, "brings one so much the sooner to the centre of things. All astronomers agree that the universe swings around some great centre. God's favorite figure in geometry is the circle. Somewhere is the great hub around which the wheel of the universe turns, and that is heaven. Our standpoint in this world is defective. We are at the wrong end of the telescope. We are down in the cellar of life, and yet trying to scan the broad heavens of immortality, while our departed Christian friends have gone up stairs to study it. The Child who died at 5 years of age a few days ago, at whose funeral I officiated, knows more to-day of God than Andover or Princeton or all the theologians of the world. Yet men are rushing around among the apothecaries, wondering if this medicine is good for neuralgia, and that for rheumatism, and others for other diseases, lest they should be suddenly ushered in to heaven. Men ought not to go around groaning because another year is gone. We ought to be living not according to the old maxim, which says men should live as though every day might be their last, but as though we were to live forever. But don't let us be nervous lest we should have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra."

A Modest Maiden's Reasonable Request.

(Texas Siftings.)

An Austin yong man has been boring a young lady with his attentions for some time past, although on various and sundry occasions she had given him to understand that he was distasteful to her. A few evenings ago he assured her that he was anxious to fulfil her every wish.

"Is it really a fact that you will do whatever I ask you?"

"Your slightest wish is law. Command me and I shall obey."

"Well, then, I wish you would see if you can induce my mother to marry you. She is a widow, and is not as particular about whom she marries as I am."

Dangers of Courtship in Nebraska.

From the Schuyler Sun.

A wildcat weighing 33 pounds was exhibited in town on Saturday. It was killed by young Luschen in Shell Creek Precinct, where, it is stated, there was a den of thirteen—three having been captured. These animals would come in daylight to the premises of the farmers in the vicinitg and attack the chickens, and, in the absence of man and gun, could not be frightened away. The young men who go "sparking" in that neighborhood now stay till broad daylight, not caring to brave their apprehensions of meeting one of these wild animals.

AN AWFUL ACCIDENT.

Eighteen Convicts Drowned at Once.—A Flat Boat Sinks With Them in the Tuckaseegee River.

(Raleigh News-Observer.)

A few days since we published an account of the trip of Govenor Jarvis to the Western North Carolina Railroad, and gave an account of the operations at the Cowee tunnel, which is near the bank of the Tuckaseegee River, in Jackson county. On that section of the road are employed about 100 convicts. Yesterday Lieutenant-Governor James L. Robinson, who came down from his home in Macon county, brought the news of a horrible disaster at the crossing of the Tuckaseegee River, the news of which he received from Mr. W. B. Troy, the officer in charge of convicts on the Western North Carolina Railroad.

It appears that the camp of the convicts, that is, the stockade in which they are quartered, is on the bank of the Tuckaseegee river, opposite the Cowee tunnel. The river is at that particular point, deep, with a current somewhat sluggish as compared with parts immediately above and below, where it breaks into rapids and rushes with the swiftness peculiar to those mountain torrents. The means of ferriage across the stream has been a large barge or flat boat, capable of containing fifty convicts, a rope stretched across being grasped by the hands and the boat then pulled over. On Saturday, while thirty convicts were being thus transferred, they came alarmed on seeing some water and ice in the boat, and despite the fact there was no danger, rushed panic-stricken to one end of the boat, which was at once capsized and all the men thrown into the cold river, there deep, though not more than fifty yards wide. A white guard who was on the boat went down with the rest. A terrible scene followed as the men struggled to get out, each man looking only after his personal safety. Many of the convicts swam ashore, or after being washed down a short distance reached the bank ere they come to the swift water. Twelve thus saved themselves, but eighteen clasped each other so closely that they became a struggling mass and were all drowned. The guard was taken from the water to all appearance dead, and it was only by dint of great and long continued efforts that this life was saved.

The gang of convicts at this particular place or rather section of the road was in charge of Mr. J. M. McMurray. Yesterday afternoon Capt. E. R. Stamps, chairman of the board of Penitentiary directors, left for the scene to make investigation of the disaster, which as, he stated to a reporter, fairly appalled him. It was one of those accidents which seem to be unavoidable, and due to the sudden panic which seized the convicts in the boat, which it is said was in no danger of sinking, the water having fallen in it from the rains. Some of the drowned men were found some distances below, locked together in a last and fatal embrace. Many who could swim were hampered by others, who clutched them in a death grip.

This is the greatest disaster that has happened on the road. A portion of the Cowee tunnel was of so treacherous a character that it caved in on a number of convicts, and they narrowly escaped death. The utmost precautions were used to prevent a repetition of the occurrence, an immense "cut" being made and arched over. The dirt was replaced, and all made secure. The tunnel is eighteen miles from the Balsam mountains, and thirty-four miles from Pigeon River, and is on what is known as the Ducktown branch of the Western North Carolina Railroad.

Wanted Him to Take more Exercise.

[New York Sun.]

Scene: Office of a pompous doctor who knows it all. Enter a tired man who drops into a seat and says that he wants treatment. See doctor puts on his eye-glasses, looks at his tongue, feels of his pulse, sounds his chest, and then draws up to his full height, and says:

Same old story, my friend. Men can't live without fresh air. No use trying it. I could make myself a corpse, like you are doing by degrees, if I sat down in my office and didn't stir. You must have fresh air; you must take long walks, and brace up by staying out doors. I could make a drug store out of you, and you would think I was a smart man but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk."

Patient—But, Doctor—

Doctor—That's right. Argue the question. That's my reward. Of course you know all about my business. Now, will you take my advice? Take long walks every day, several times a day, and get your blood in circulation.

Patient—I do walk, Doctor. I—

Doctor—Of course you do walk. I know that; but walk more. Walk ten times as much as you do now. That will cure you.

Patient—But my business—

Doctor—Of course, your business prevents it. Change your business, so that you will have to walk more. What is your business?

Patient—I am a letter carrier.

Doctor (paralyzed)—My friend permit me to once more examine your tongue.

What's In Education?

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Lemme tell yer," exclaimed old Nathan, arising at an educational meeting and addressing the assemblage "dar ain't half as much in edycation as a man in a moment ob 'thusiasm might promulgate. I raised two town sons. Jim went ter school an' got a good eddycation, but Tom stayed home an' nebber looked inter a book, but yit he made a quicker showin' dan Jim." "How?" asked a chorus of voices. "Why, he beat him inter de penitentiary two days," exclaimed the old man, as he sat down with the air of one who feels that he has the weight of evidence in his favor.

BEATING THE STANDARD OIL CO.

A Sixteen-Year-Old Messenger Boy Makes $40,000.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The Standard Oil Company has lately been beaten by Mike Keating, 16 years old, a messenger boy of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Oil City. Mike has been in the employ of the telegraph company since he was old enough to carry despatches, and nearly all of this time he has been in the Oil Exchange at the Oil City, carrying messages to and from the brokers. The large operators in petroleum send their despatches in cipher. The boy had carried so many messages sent by the Standard from its headquarters at Cleveland that he had unravelled the mystic characters, and could read them like a printed page. Just prior to the recent extraordinary advance in the petroleum market, when the prices jumped in a few days from fifty cents to $1.35. Keating carried a number of telegrams to the standard's brokers ordering them to buy large blocks of oil. The monopoly had laid its plans to boom the market, and the Oil City brokers were ordered to buy everything. "Buy half a million barrels," "Buy a million barrels." "Buy two million barrels," were the way these orders came in. They were riddles to all but the brokers who received them, and Mike Keating who delivered them.

Keating knew something extraordinary was soon to happen. The market, which had been like a stagnant pool for a year, was already creeping up the scale. Orders for immense blocks of oil were still coming from the Standard's headquarters. There was no time to lose. But what could a boy do without a dollar in his pocket? Keating went to one of the largest operators on the floor of the Exchange, outside of the Standard's agents, and told him he had a "pointer." The broker laughed at him. The boys earnestness finally commanded attention, and the broker agreed to his proposition, which was that the broker should furnish money for a "deal," if he was satisfied with the information, and divide the profits equally. Then the messenger told the broker what he had, and of the telegrams he had been carrying from the Standard's Cleveland office. The next message that fell into the boy's hands was carried secretly to the broker and translated. It was an order to buy everything that was offered. The broker probably swallowed to keep his heart down. Any way, he went back to the Exchange and began to buy. He saw the Standard's agents buying right and left, and was satisfied a big deal was in progress. He took everything he could get until he had a round million barrels. The market was already jumping fast, and his million barrels had been secured at an average cost of seventy-two cents. He was loaded to the guards. Orders to buy and orders to sell were pouring in from every quarter, and the excitement was becoming intense. The market was still pounding upward with the usual fluctations. Every time the prices advanced a cent or declined a cent the broker saw a profit or a loss of $10,000. He kept his head, however, and when the market scored above 80 cents he began to unload. The Standard men were on hand to take everything, and he got rid of all his oil at an average price of 80 cents a barrel. He had bought at 72, and his profits were therefore eight cents a barrel or $80,000 in all. He divided equally with Mike Keating, the messenger boy who had unravelled the Standard's cipher according to agreement. It is well enough to remember that oil touched $1.35 during this ten days spurt, and if the broker had held on until the top was reached the profits of the two would have been $530,000.

It goes without saying that the Standard Oil Company has a new cipher and one messenger boy is out of a job.

Notes of Industry.

(New York Sun.)

The Shovel Company of St Louis turns out about 200 dozen shovels a day.

A thirty-ton balance wheel has just been cast at a Hartfood foun, dry.

Nail kegs of sheet iron are to be manufactured on a large scale at Cannonsburg, Pa.

There are sufficient orders to keep the nail mills in the Chenango Valley running through the winter.

Two wealthy New England lumbermen propose building a $400,000 railway into the Adirondack Wilderness.

The buildings of a malleable iron company at Bridgeport covers 3¼ acres, the foundry alone covering an acre.

The daily earnings in the cotton factories of this country are nearly double what they were in 1840. The total number of spinning spindles is 10,653,435; of looms, 225,758. The actual consumption of cotton last year was 1,760,000 bales.

The methods of transporting cattle across the Atlantic have been so improved that the voyage is accomplished by the cattle now in safety. A system of ventilation has been adopted, whereby in all sorts of weather, even with the hatches battened down, the holds in which the cattle are can be kept free from noxious vapors, which otherwise produce suffocation.

The wool manufacturing establishments of the United States now numbers 2,084, with a capital of $159,644,870. They give employment to 75,334, men and 85,664 women and children. The average paid each toiler is $293.05 a year, or $24.42 a month. These mills consume 296,192,229 pounds of wool, of which 222,991,531 are of home production, and 73,200,698 pounds come from abroad. The average cost of the wool is 32 cents a pound. The manufactories make a profit of 36½ per cent on the capital invested, clear of all expenses.

Hiring a Substitute.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Smith," said a well-known Chicago merchant to his cashier, "you are going to the dogs."

"Sir—"

"Now, there's no use denying it. I see it in your face. You were drunk last night, and the night before last, and you are bracing up on whiskey to-day. It won't do, sir, it won't do. You can't stand it, and if you could—why, I can't."

"Well; sir, replied Smith, "I admit that I've been going it a little too strong lately—"

"A little! Well, I should think you had a little. Look here, Smith, you're a good cashier, and an honest one, I believe, and I don't want to lose you. Now, tell me, why do you drink?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, that it seems to be a genuine love for liquor. I am always thirsty for liquor."

"That's bad, but not incurable. I was one the boys myself once, and I got over it. You try my plan, and I think it will work with you."

"What is your plan sir?"

"I'll tell you. When I was a salesman about fifteen years ago, I got to running around nights and drinking and carousing until I began to look just like you do now. My employer came to me one day and remonstrated. "You must either let somebody else do your drinking for you or somebody do your work." That gave me an idea, and I acted upon it. Stepping into the nearest saloon, I invited all hands up to drink. They responded with alacrity. I picked the toughest customer in the lot, and asked him what he did for a living. "Nothing," he replied. "How much will you charge a week to do my drinking for me?" "Wot d'ye mean?" he asked. I explained to him that I had a perpetual thirst and that whisky unfitted me for business, so I wanted him to do my drinking for me. "I'll do it for $5 a week and found," he replied. "That is, found in whisky?" "Yes that's it boss." "Well, it's a bargain," said I, and we shook hands on it. I took him to the store with me and sat him out of sight. When I began to feel thirsty I took him out and made him drink a good big glass of whisky. Somehow, I felt better after seeing him drink. Well, I had to take him on several times that day, and before night he was pretty full. By bed-time he was hopelessly drunk. I had been out with the boys and taken him along. They kicked at first at having such a mously-looking tramp along, but when I explained, they thought it quite a joke. My appetite for drink was too strong for him. I hired another drinker, and he stayed by me for three weeks. Then I caught him throwing a glass of whisky over his shoulder, and I discharged him. Well I used up nine able-bodied drunkards before I absolutely quenched my thirst; but I quenched it at last. I never think of taking a drink now."

"I believe I'll try your plan," said Smith.

"Do," said the merchant. "I am sure it will work. It may take a long time—a year, perhaps—but you stick to it, and you'll drown your appetite to a dead certainty. If you find it is costing you more than you can stand, I'll increase your salary."

People who are not intimately acquainted with Smith think he is going to the dogs at lighting express speed. They judge so because he is always seen in the company of a drunken bummer of the worst possible description. But Smith's friends know that he has not drank a drop since he had that talk with his employer. He has used up three drunkards, and is looking around for a forth.

Fatal Accidents With Fire.

(New York Sun.)

Miss McDonald was fatally burned by her clothes catching fire from a camp fire which her brother had made near Savannah.

Two colored youths in Memphis, who slept in a store, smoked cigarettes in bed. The bed clothing caught fire, and they were fatally burned.

A tramp got permission from N. W. Dunham, near Burnt Hills, N. Y., to sleep in his barn. The next day the tramp's bones were found in the ashes of the barn.

Sue Miller of Muhlenberg county, Ky., was burned to death by her clothing catching fire from a grate, before the eyes of her aged mother, who was bedridden. The shock killed the mother.

The four-year old daughter of Fred Schaffner of Marshall, Ill., a five-year-old colored girl at Louisville, and the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Robert James of Chattanooga were all burned to death while locked in the house, their parrents having gone away to work.

Mrs. Barker of Estelline, Dakota went out to the barn leaving in the house three children, aged 5 years, and 6 months, respectively. When she returned two of the little ones had been burned to death and in rescuing the baby Mrs. Barker was fatally burned.

Mrs. John Stafford of Ironton fell asleep near the kitchen fire, and a spark catching in her dress she was burned to death. The house caught fire, and when help came Mrs. Stafford's blind mother was sitting paralyzed with fright while the fire was falling about her from the burning rafters.

Michael Hayes, of North Fifth street, Philadelphia, while intoxicated, set his house on fire in trying to light a gasoline lamp. His wife, who was in the second story, threw her three children out of the window, but passers-by caught them. Michael, although severely burned, spent his Christmas behind the bars of a cell.

A rich silver mine has been discovered at Mineral Wells, in western Texas.

The Georgia Pacific Railroad has reached Tallapoosa, fifty-three miles from Atlanta

AMONG THE NORTHERN SCHOOLS.

What Professor Johnson saw on his Northern Trip—His Impressions of Methods, Teachers and Pupils.

The Principal of the New Berne Graded School returned on Tuesday morning from a two weeks trip among the schools of Baltimore, Washington, New York and Boston. He was treated with much courtesy and kindness wherever he went and found his trip an exceedingly interesting one. The following is the report of a talk had with him by the JOURNAL Reporter on the evening of his arrival:

"Well Professor, I want to interview you on your Northern trip, and get your impressions of Northern ways, manners and progress."

"Very well. I am willing to give you any information I have. I first went to Richmond to see Dr. Curry about getting aid from the Peabody fund, and he thought he could assist us with about $700. This was satisfactory, and I intended to make out the formal application as soon as I came home; but on reaching New Berne I find a letter awaiting me stating that New Berne had received aid three times since 1865, and that this was as far as the rules allowed aid to be given. This is bad, but I think now when a genuine, earnest effort is being made *by the whole city* to establish a Graded School, and where an additional building must be erected by the people, that Dr. Curry will think it not amiss to aid us once more in making the start. New Berne will never turn loose the school now inaugurated, but the hardest struggle for its maintenance is now, in the beginning when extra sacrifices must be made to erect proper buildings."

"I suppose the advantages enjoyed by those schools visited by you in the size and adaptability of the buildings must have impressed you?"

"Yes, I made a special study of buildings as to 'ventilation' 'heating' and 'lighting,' and find much to commend and admire. There is such an enthusiasm for schools in that whole country that comparatively small towns, and even township schools have commodious and tastily constructed buildings, costing from $25,000 upwards. The buildings I visited were elegant in appearance and admirably adapted to the purpose contemplated in their erection. The ventilation in the Maryland State Normal, under Professor Newell, was the most perfect of any seen."

"What schools were visited by you?"

"One day in the Richmond schools; two days in Washington City—and I predict a brilliant success for that school in the future; one day with Prof. Newell at Baltimore, an excellent institution indeed; one day in New York at Miss Buckelew's school where 1500 are at work; and the remainder of the time in Boston and the towns near there. At New York Superintendent Jasper, who has 3800 teachers under his control, extended many courtesies."

"I spent one day at Quincy, meeting our New Berne friend Miss Corinne Harrison, who has a class of about 50 in charge. She is doing good work and seems pleased with her situation. I gave close attention to the 'Quincy methods,' so famous throughout the country, and had an exemplification of the 'moulding board' process of map drawing. Of all the schools visited, I liked best the one at Woburn, a suburban village near Boston, where 30 teachers were employed."

"Give us your impressions as to the order kept in the different schools."

"I had opportunity to compare the "cast iron" discipline with that of a more moderate order. At Miss Buckelew's school every child had a fixed position in his seat, and every movement was made with military precision. Not a head was turned nor hand lifted save in obedience to command. But at the other schools a milder discipline rules and I think is equally if not more effective. At Quincy, for instance, the discipline is by interesting and employing the child—*keep him busy* is the rule followed. Among the smaller children if interest lags on one subject something else is introduced and his attention gained."

"Have your observations changed your views on corporal punishment."

"Not at all. In many of the schools methods of moral suasion are mainly relied upon and, these failing, suspension or expulsion are the severe remedies employed. Other of the schools think that better results can, in certain cases, be reached if the fear of bodily pain is present to the mind as a stimulant to its active exercise. For my own part I think the rod should be used very seldom, but when needed it should always be promptly used."

"You have had charge of several Southern Graded Schools, and have now just returned from an inspection of a number of the best in the North—will you give your impression as to the character, mental and moral, of Northern contrasted with Southern school children?"

"Decidedly in favor of the Southern child. The faces of our children are brighter with both intelligence and refinement. Of course this is due, in some degree, to the fact that in the North *all* the children go to these schools, while in the South the division of races takes off a large body of the children. As it is, the Southern Graded Schools have no need to dread a comparison with their Northern neighbors. We acknowledge our indebtedness to them for many suggestions both in discipline and in the art of teaching, but our schools are now ranking with the best in the world.

The Dead of North Carolina in 1882.

(Wil. Star.)

In the course of a journalist's experience extending through nearly a quarter of a century we do not remember that so many citizens of North Carolina either of a general or a local reputation have died in any year as have died during the year that has just closed. It may be as we grow older—as we get nearer to that fateful stream that separates the present from the life to come that we observe more closely the death of friends and acquaintances, or of men of influence and usefulness in their respective sections althoug unknown to us.

We do not undertake to give the names of but a few of the men of local reputations who have passed away during the Old Year. We give such as we are able including, we believe, all of the more distinguished names among the dead of 1882: Judge George W. Brooks, Dr. C. Tate Murphy, Prof. William Loftin Hargrave, Hon. Lewis Hanes, Redding Blount, Dr. Hanson E. Murphy, Dr. Robert C. Jenkins, Captain David R. Murchison, Judge Robert S. French, Rev. William M. Jordan, Dr. J. F. E. Hardy, Dr. A. H. McNair, Major Richard C. Badger, Major Basil C. Manly, William H. H. Tucker, Dr. Edwin Barnes, Rev. Thomas R. Owen, Rev. Dr. William Closs, Rev. A. E. Bennett, Gen. David Clark, Joseph B. Cherry, Oscar J. Foard, Rev. Dr. Braxton Craven, Dr. Preston Roane, Henry Lilly, Dr. John M. Carson, Henry A. London, senior, Richard H. Battle, senior, Bartholomew Fuller, Col. Nicholas M. Long, A. G. Hubbard, Geo. Badger Harris, Col. John H. Wheeler, John B. Gretter, Rev. Elias Dodson, Dr. Columbus Mills, Dr. Joshua C. Walker, and W. P. Phifer.

Washington Notes.

During the past year 1,955 new post-offices were created.

Major J. B. Fassett of New York has been appointed Deputy United States Marshal of the District.

The value of our imports of merchandise for the year ending Nov. 30 was $750,647,826, being an increase of $90,400,295 over the preceding year. The value of our exports for the same period was $752,082,661, being a decrease of $103,295,038 from the year before.

WALKS AND TALKS ON THE FARM

A Visit to Mr. J. L. Rhem's Farm.

At this season of the year the greatest activity prevails on the truck farms near the city, and from visits to these we are enabled to give the readers of the JOURNAL an idea of the extent of the business and the mode of planting and cultivating. On Wednesday we visited the farm of

MR. J. L. RHEM,

who, in point of extensive cultivation of vegetables, may be regarded as the "king trucker of New Berne." His farm lies west of the city, about midway between Neuse and Trent rivers, the soil varying from these on the Neuse, a portion being a stiff loam, the other black, gallberry, all with clay subsoil. There are between six and seven hundred acres of cleared land in this farm, four hundred of which will be planted in truck this season.

SPRAYING.

"Mr. Rhem, I noticed several years ago you were planting tile in your ditches along the road; how did it work?"

"Yes; I reckon I put in somewhere near two miles of tile. I don't think it paid me. It is a good way to drain hillsides where the land is springy, but where the ditches require a depth of over two and one half feet it don't pay to lay tile."

"What are you going to plant on these four hundred acres you have laid out for trucking?"

"I shall plant two hundred acres in potatoes, one hundred and twenty-five in peas; I have put out twenty-five in cabbage, twenty-five or thirty will be planted in beans, six or eight in tomatoes, six or eight in white turnips—which, by the way, was about as good paying crop as I had last Spring—six or eight in beets, and several acres in radishes."

"What do you regard as the safest crop to plant?"

"As a general thing Irish potatoes."

"When do you plant?"

"In February. I plant my own raising of seed about two weeks earlier than the Northern seed; they are that much later, therefore I never have seed from my own raising but one year. In the Spring I save all the small potatoes from my Northern seed crop for fall crop, which should be planted by the 1st of August."

"How did you like the plan of having your potato rows wide enough apart to plant a row of cotton between?"

"I didn't like it; in fact it didn't pay. It is true you can get your cotton in two or three weeks earlier, but it would be better to wait until the potatoes are taken out and put the cotton in the same drill; the manure then will make the bottom as early as if planted by itself, the rows two or three weeks earlier. On account of following with cotton I shall have my rows this year from three to three and a half feet, though the potatoes would do better with only two and a half."

MANURES.

"Do you find much difficulty in getting manure?"

"Yes; the supply is very limited. I keep fourteen mules all the time hauling muck out of the branches, and such manures as I can get in the city—with these I compost cotton seed and stable manure. We manure everything in the drill, applying a little guano with it."

"Is that thing a success?" pointing to a manure distributer in the barn yard.

"It is a decided success. I could not get along without them now. I use four of them; and a good hand with them can manure two acres per day. Two or three years ago I carted out manure and had hands to spread it with shovels. It was very expensive. I regard this distributor as indispensable on a farm where manuring receives the attention that it ought. They are put up by Mr. George Allen & Co., and I suppose can be built for about thirty dollars."

"You see, now," said Mr. Rhem, as we were passing through his cabbage patch of twenty-five acres, "these plants in the bottom where the land is stiffer are looking better than those on the hills where the land is lighter. Plants are much easier killed by cold on light land."

(Mr. Rhem's preparation of land for cabbage is much the same as Mr. Dunn's and other truckers—rows east and west, thrown up on the north side, and the plants set on the south side.)

"How do you cultivate these, Mr. Rhem?"

"When they begin to grow off we come with a plow and bar off the south side of the row and apply guano, 200 pounds per acre, and about the time they are ready to head we bar off the north side and apply 200 pounds of guano to the acre. This is to hasten the heading."

Passing from the cabbage patch we arrive at a plat of ground in preparation for peas.

"This 'l